

NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

LETTERS FROM THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

Tallahassee, Georgia, April 29, 1848.

The subject of my present letter is *Adrian Vander*, "the Hunter of Tallahassee." His name reached my ears soon after arriving at this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is situated directly at the mouth of the Tallahassee chasm. He lives in a log cabin, occupying the centre of a small valley, through which the Tallahassee river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. Vander is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a regular built, weasel face, a small gray eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a folk, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of Oostanahe, he is reported to have sent his rifle-ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathen, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But Vander aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his third wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen dogs, together with a number of cats.

On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars. When the hunting season comes, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable set of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule, starts for some "wild region among the mountains," where he remains until the fall wing spring. The manner which he occupies during this season is of the most character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called "fire hunting" and "still-hunting." His favorite game is the deer, but he is not particular, and secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his lifetime at four thousand. When spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And, by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he presents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable. While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the singular name of "The Devil and Tom Walker." When Vander informed me of this fact, which he did with a self-satisfied air, I told him that the first portion of the mule's name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," as if I had paid him a compliment. Old Vander is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk, he replied: "I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he come to this country some years ago, I was out on 'other side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that's all I know about him." Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a *rigorous narrative*, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil. His stories all bore a strong family likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear. As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vander waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game, he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a "clinch fight" ensued, and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dog fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting-knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect phrensy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded in his satisfaction, and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On another occasion he had fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallahassee river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprang to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until Vander had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twin performed a summerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vander was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected shock.

But the most remarkable escape which old Vander ever experienced happened on this wise. He was camped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the very brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its tottering foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself on the very spot which had been vacated by the boulder. Vander said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also told me that for one day after this escape he did not dare to sleep for the insect game in the wilderness.

While on my visit to Vander's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his *trick* was surprised to find a couple of *chad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock-fish*. They had been taken in the Tallahassee, just below the chasm, by means of a wicker net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty yards. I had been informed that the Tallahassee abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water-fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

On leaving the above youthful Vander to my readers, I will close with a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him credit for at least an education. The

incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain side, and were distant from home about two miles. While carefully tromping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattlesnake on the calf of his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation. The elder boy, having succeeded in killing the rattlesnake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home upon his back. And this deed did the noble fellow accomplish. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden, over rocks and down the water courses, and in an hour after he had reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow.

Hubbard's Cabin, Trail Mountain, (Ga.)

May 2, 1848.

I now write from near the summit of the highest mountain in Georgia. I obtained my first view of this peak while in the village of Clarksville, and it presented such a commanding appearance that I resolved to surmount it, on my way to the North, although my experience has proven that climbing high mountains is always more laborious than profitable. I came here on the back of a mule, and my guide and companion on the occasion was the principal proprietor of Nacoochee valley, Major EDWARD WILLIAMS. While ascending the mountain, which occupied about seven hours (from his residence), the venerable gentleman expatiated at considerable length on the superb scenery to be witnessed from its summit, and then informed me that he had just established a dairy on the mountain, which, it was easy to see, had become his hobby. He described the "ranches" of the mountains as affording an abundance of the sweetest food for cattle, and said that he had already sent to his dairy somewhere between fifty and eighty cows, and was intending soon to increase the number to one hundred. He told me that his dairyman was an excellent young man from Vermont, named Joseph B. Hubbard, to whom he was indebted for the original idea of establishing the dairy. While journeying through this region the young man chanced to stop at the Major's house, and though they were perfect strangers they conversed upon matters connected with farming, and soon became acquainted; and the stranger having made known the fact that he knew how to make butter and cheese, a bargain was struck, which has resulted in the establishment already mentioned. The Williams dairy is said to be the only one in the entire State of Georgia, and it is worthy of remark, in this connection, that Major Williams (as well as his dairyman) is a native of New England. He has been an exile from Yankee land for upwards of twenty years, and though nearly seventy years of age, it appears that his natural spirit of enterprise remains in full vigor.

Trail Mountain was so named by the Cherokees, from the fact that they had a number of trails leading to the summit, to which point they were in the habit of ascending for the purpose of discovering the camp-fires of their enemies during the existence of hostilities. It is the king of the Blue Ridge, and reported to be five thousand feet above the waters of the surrounding country, and perhaps six thousand feet above the level of the ocean. A carpet of green grass and weeds extends to the very top, and as the trees are small, as well as "few and far between," the lower of extensive scenery has a fine opportunity of gratifying his taste. I witnessed a sunset from this great watch-tower of the South, and I know not that I was ever before more deeply impressed with the grandeur of a landscape scene. The horizon formed an unbroken circle, but I could distinctly see that in one direction alone (across South Carolina and part of Georgia) extended a comparatively level country, while the remaining three-quarters of the space around me appeared to be a wilderness of mountains. The grandest display was towards the north, and here it seemed to me that I could count at least twenty distinct ranges, fading away to the sky, until the more remote range melted into a monotonous line. No cities or towns came within the limit of my vision; no, nor even an occasional wreath of smoke, to remind me that human hearts were beating in the unnumbered valleys. A crimson line covered the sky, but it was without a cloud to cheer the prospect, and the solemn shadow which rested upon the mountains was too deep to partake of a single hue from the departing sun. Grandeur and gloom, like twin spirits, seemed to have subdued the world, causing the pulse of Nature to cease its accustomed throbs. "At one still came the dark," and as there was no moon, I retreated from the peak with pleasure, and sought the rude cabin, where I was to spend the night. While doing this, the distant howl of a wolf came to my ear, borne upward on the quiet air from one of the deep ravines leading to the base of the mountain.

I was the guest of my friends Williams and Hubbard, I whiled away the evening in their society, asking and answering a thousand questions. Among the matters touched upon in our conversation was a certain mysterious "water-spout," of which I had heard a great deal among the people in my journeying, and which was said to have fallen upon Trail Mountain. I again inquired into the particulars, and Major Williams replied as follows:

"This water-spout story has always been a great botheration to me. The circumstance occurred several years ago. A number of hunters were spending the night in the 'ravine' where this shanty now stands, when, about midnight, they heard a tremendous roaring in the air, and a large torrent of water fell upon their camp and swept it, with all its effects and its inmates, about a dozen yards from the spot where they had planted their poles. There were three hunters, and one of them was severely injured on the head by the water, and all of them completely drenched. They were of course much alarmed at the event, and concluded that a spring farther up the mountain had probably broken away, and when morning came they could find no evidences of a spring, and every where about their camping place 'ground was perfectly dry, while on the lower side it was 'completely saturated.' They were now perplexed to a marvelous degree, and returned to the lower country impressed with the idea that a water-spout had burst over their heads."

I of course attempted no explanation of this phenomenon, but Mr. Hubbard gave it as his opinion that if the affair actually did occur, it originated from a whirlwind, which might have taken up the water from some neighboring river, and dashed it by the merest accident upon the poor hunters. But this reasoning seemed to me like getting "out of the frying pan into the fire," whereupon I concluded to "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," for the especial benefit of Professor Eddy.

But to return to the dairy, which is unquestionably the chief attraction (though far from being a romantic one) connected with Trail Mountain. Hereafter a cheese establishment has been associated in my mind with broad meadows, lands, spacious and well-furnished outbuildings, and a convenient market. But here we have a dairy on the top of a mountain, distant from the first farm-house some fifteen miles, and inaccessible by any conveyance but that of a mule or well-trained horse. The bulls of more than half a hundred cows are eating along the mountain side; and, instead of clover, they are feeding upon the luxuriant weed of the wilderness; instead of cool cellars, we have here a hundred tin pans arranged upon tables in a log cabin, into which a cool spring pours to refresh the dairy; instead of a tidy and manly housewife to superintend the turning of the curd, we have an enterprising young Yankee, a veritable Green Mountain boy; and instead of pretty milkmaids, the inferiors of this establishment are huge negroes, and all of the masculine gender. And this is the establishment which supplies the people of Georgia with cheese, and the material out of which the scientific ceteri manufactures the palatable Welsh Rabbit.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—Shoes of Fortune, and other Tales, by Hans C. Anderson. Dressed out by Dr. K. & Co., by the same author. Appleton's Library, for families, comprising many excellent books, by Mary Howitt and other popular authors. Lu La Library, plain and colored, for little folks. Harpers' Library, and Boys' Library, 25 volumes. Swiss Family Robinson and Comstock's Library. Gammer Gertel, famous fairy stories. For sale by B. FARNHAM, May 17. Corner Pennsylvania avenue and 11th streets.

DUNBAR'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.—Four volumes, bound in two, the full copy, of various finely engraved illustrations; new edition, 1848. Price \$2.50. F. TAYLOR.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1848.

WHAT IS DOING ON BROADWAY.—A cool morning and an easterly wind, after three very hot days, were such an incentive to a walk, that I have given up two or three hours this morning to this primitive exercise; and, as a part of my solitary ramble was through the lower half of Broadway, it has occurred to me to note down what I saw going on in the way of improvements in the space of a single mile from that single street, say from Wall street to Canal street.

On the corner of Pine street, which is next above Wall, and opposite Trinity church yard, a small old wooden building of revolutionary memory has been torn down, and the foundation of a large substantial building is in progress. On the opposite side of Broadway the first building above Trinity church yard is the "New England Hotel," which has undergone an entire renovation this spring, being much enlarged, and fitted up and furnished in elegant and convenient style. It must be one of the coolest summer houses in the dense portion of the city, for the whole southern side is covered by the thick foliage of the trees of the church yard.

The very next number brings us to the capacious and well-known "City Hotel," which is receiving a fresh coat of brown or freestone colored paint, and undergoing other repairs. Mr. JENKINS has retired from this noted and fashionable hotel, and it is now under the superintendence of Mr. BLANCHARD, formerly of the "Globe."

Proceeding on a block or two further, at 177 a building has been entirely removed, and a large store is in progress of erection.

Passing on by the princely Astor House, we come, at the next door, to the old "American," of army and navy notoriety. This establishment is undergoing a thorough renovation, inside and out. The old stucco upon the outside of the building has been scraped off, and the brick walls are all done over, as good as new. The popular host, Mr. COZZENS, has retired from the American, but he is still determined to patronize the army, and has erected a splendid hotel at West Point, the army's fountain-head, where his band and benevolent features will soon be "at home" to the young cadet or the oldest general. A gentleman from Boston, it is said, will take charge of the American Hotel when the repairs are completed.

Corner of Park Place, No. 237, a large store receives a new front, with other repairs, paint, &c. Next above this, a large four-story brick store has just had three stories more put upon the top of it, a tall witness to the great value of ground-rooms in the neighborhood. Corner of Murray street a large four-story store is receiving a new front and extensive repairs. A few doors further up a five-story house is undergoing similar alterations.

At the upper end of the Park, corner of Chambers street, is a very large five-story building, erected seven or eight years ago, which has generally been called "the granite building," from its having a heavy granite front, both on Broadway and Chambers street. This building has been occupied for stores, offices, and a large number of artists' studios. It is now undergoing an entire change for the purpose of turning it into a first class hotel; the whole roof is removed and another story is rising upon the top of it. Its ground plot has been enlarged, and an extensive addition to it is going up on Chambers street. The construction of this hotel is under the superintendence of Mr. HOWARD, formerly of "Howard's Hotel," and he is to be its host when it is completed. I am told it will be finished and furnished in the most elegant and expensive style, and is intended to be one of the first hotels in the city.

The Russ pavements on this section of Broadway, from Chambers street to Fulton, at the lower end of the Park, are making rapid progress, nearly half the section being finished. A little further up, at the corner of Duane street, a large store is receiving a new front.

At the corner of Anthony street, next above the Broadway Theatre, a large six-story brick building is nearly completed, for what purpose to be occupied I am not aware. Opposite to this, on the other side of Anthony street, and fronting on Broadway, another large six-story building is nearly completed, erected by Dr. MOFFAT, who, like Dr. Brandt, has made a fortune by manufacturing and vending pills. And, unlike Dr. Brandt, who is now mixing pills and peddling together, Dr. Moffat seems to be inclined to stick to his trade, for I observed a huge sign already fastened against the upper story of his new building, on the side looking up Broadway, towering far above the adjacent buildings, and presenting in brilliant letters the attractive inscription of "Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters." That's a way to make money. Still a little further up, at the corner of Leonard street, the St. Charles Hotel is receiving a large addition by the erection of an elegant building with freestone front, and fronting on Broadway, another large six-story building is nearly completed, erected by Dr. MOFFAT, who, like Dr. Brandt, has made a fortune by manufacturing and vending pills. And, unlike Dr. Brandt, who is now mixing pills and peddling together, Dr. Moffat seems to be inclined to stick to his trade, for I observed a huge sign already fastened against the upper story of his new building, on the side looking up Broadway, towering far above the adjacent buildings, and presenting in brilliant letters the attractive inscription of "Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters." That's a way to make money.

Another building is about going up at the corner of Walker street, and at the corner of Canal street and Broadway some rebuilding and repairs are going on by the agent of Louis Philippe.

Thus, from this one mile of a single street, I will leave the reader to imagine what is going on in the three or four hundred miles of streets of this vigorous and growing city.

A builder, who understands the subject, a few days since estimated that the cost of the buildings now in progress in this city would be at least four millions of dollars.

TO THE EDITORS.

ANOTHER NEW PLANET.

NATIONAL OBSERVER, MAY 22, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: I send you a brief notice of two new Stars, from the "National" of May 24, received from the accomplished Consul of the United States at Paris. But one of them is probably an asteroid. Further accounts of this interesting discovery will be expected with much impatience by American astronomers.

Respectfully, &c.

M. F. MAURY.

FROM LE NATIONAL.

"Two new Stars have been seen in the heavens. One, discovered on the night of the 27th of April by the Irish Astronomer GARRAH, probably belongs to the group of small planets, already so numerous, situated between Mars and Jupiter; the other, observed in London by Mr. Hind, does not manifest any peculiar motion, and seems to be one of the fixed Stars."

The Louisville (Ky.) Courier gives the following alarming denunciation of a Temperance Celebration near that city last week:

"We hear of rather a ludicrous affair which came off at Shippingport. The Sons of Temperance had a procession in which a number of lions joined. After a fatiguing march out, and about, and through the city, they concluded to have a little something to strengthen and sustain the inner man, eschewing strong drink was a matter of course. Lemonade was ordered: the first being a one of the best, or the ideas of some of the company not being altogether pleased with its strength and acidulous qualities, it was further proposed that a little tartaric acid be added to the beverage. This was accordingly done, and the social glass again went round; but in a very few moments thereafter every one who had partaken was seized with a sudden vomiting and deathlike manner. Astonishment and confusion reigned for some time, until the minds of all ladies as well as gentlemen were so affected, that becoming unconscious governed every movement, distress was depicted on every countenance, and the utmost consternation prevailed until the contents of the lemonade cans were examined, and instead of tartaric acid, tartaric emetic was found to be the ingredient introduced for improving the flavor of the lemonade. The mistake occurred in the written prescription sent by a boy to the Portland drug store, which, when produced, read more like tartaric emetic than tartaric acid."

A SOLDIER SHOT.—A few days since, at a recruiting station near Bloomington, Indiana, a soldier was shot down by order of the recruiting sergeant. It seems that the unfortunate victim, named Newman, had indulged freely in liquor, and was, in consequence, put under guard. Becoming enraged, he succeeded in escaping from his prison, seized a musket, and threatened to kill the sergeant. At this juncture, the sergeant ordered two sentinels who had been placed to guard him to fire on him, which after the second order they did, which caused his death in about two hours.

PROBABLY LOST.—A private letter received in this city this morning, makes it highly probable that Mr. C. AUGUST COOLIDGE, of Boston, one of the late Charles D. Coolidge, and Commissary of the Massachusetts regiment, was on board the transport Dolphin, which sailed from Bracon on the 4th of December last for Yon Orono, and has not since been heard from. The D. is supposed to have foundered at sea.

(Boston Traveller.)

THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

Mr. VATTMARE having requested Mr. HILLIARD (one of the Representatives in Congress from Alabama) to reply to certain inquiries made by M. CORNEMIN in regard to our institutions, Mr. HILLIARD wrote the subjoined letter. It will be remembered by those who read M. Cornemin's letter, which appeared in print some days since, that it was written more than twelve months ago.

Mr. HILLIARD's letter, brief as it is, exhibits the hopeful characteristics of the revolutionary movement going on in France:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WASHINGTON, MAY 15, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR: I read with great pleasure the letter addressed to you by M. Cornemin. It discloses a profound acquaintance with the political elements of Europe; elements which, at the date of the letter, were almost tranquil, and which, having within a few months passed through commotions, are again settling down into nobler and better forms. He must have been accustomed to the study of free institutions, and will contribute much towards the formation of the new political system about to be constructed for France, by bringing to its aid his own philosophical and comprehensive views.

France exhibits at this moment a grand moral spectacle; the world beholds it with admiration. France has made wonderful progress within the last half century. The revolution of this time is widely different from the revolution which occurred some fifty years ago.

Moderation; a respect for law and religion; the calm forbearance against the prostrate party which had long abused its power; the vigorous purpose of the great minds of France to construct a republican form of government at home, without attempting to impose it upon neighboring nations by the strength of arms; a deep sympathy with all people struggling to be free, yet a determination to avoid entangling alliances; peace preferred to war: these are the great features of the present revolution; and they inspire the world with hope. America is France—her ancient ally—and would encourage her in the great task of constructing a government embodying the great principles of constitutional liberty.

The powers of the Government ought to be clearly defined and strictly guarded. Individuals should be left to pursue their own objects, and society to create and maintain its own forms, without any interference on the part of the rulers, except such as may become absolutely necessary and proper. The business of Government is to protect rather than to guide. Above all, religion should be left free. When independent of the State it prospers, and it cannot be united with it without exposing either the Church or the State to disturbance and injury. All sects should enjoy equal liberty and equal protection.

M. Cornemin inquires as to the mode of electing the President, the Vice President, the members of the two Houses of Congress, and the Mayors of our cities, in the United States.

The functions of the President and the manner of his election are fully described in the second article and first section of the constitution of the United States, on the thirteenth page of the edition of that work published by order of the Senate. See also the twelfth amendment to the constitution on pages 28, 29. The same information as to the Vice President may be found by referring to the same articles and amendments.

The manner of electing Senators is described in the first article third section of the constitution, and that of Representatives in the first article and second section of the same work. The Federalist, a work recently republished by Messrs. Gideon, of this city, is a very full and able exposition of the character of the constitution and of the considerations which influenced the convention which framed it to adopt it. It consists of a series of numbers addressed to the American people, urging their adoption of the constitution, written by Mr. Jay, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Madison, three of the ablest men ever produced by our country. The first was afterwards Chief Justice of the United States; the second—the friend of Washington—was called into the Cabinet of that illustrious man as Secretary of the Treasury, and the third was the fourth President of the United States.

A copy of the Federalist has been placed in your hands by Messrs. Gideon. I wish the book could be translated into French and widely circulated throughout Europe.

With the best wishes for France and sincere regards for yourself, I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

HENRY W. HILLIARD.

TO MESSIEURS VATTMARE.
P. S.—The manner of elections of Mayors for our cities is not provided for in our constitution, nor does the General Government in any way control it. The manner of election varies in the several cities, and is regulated by the charters granted to them by the Legislatures of the States in which they are located.

H. W. H.

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

PORT TORRICO, (Me.) MAY 19, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 17th instant has just been received from my return from Washington. I have two other letters of similar import. "The representations" to which they refer relate to the Whig Convention which met in Baltimore on the 11th instant, and the course pursued by me seems to have given rise to unjust remarks.

I went to that Convention with a single object, which was to endeavor, as far as in my power, to harmonize conflicting opinions, and to unite the Whigs of Maryland in support of the nominee of the Whig National Convention, to meet in Philadelphia on the 7th of June next, believing that the delegates in that Convention would, under all the circumstances, make the most judicious selection of candidates.

Having no prejudices myself against any one of the distinguished Whigs who have been spoken of for that high office, I was willing to yield my own personal preference whenever satisfied that any other Whig could be nominated who would be most likely to concentrate the largest number of votes. Since 1832, when Mr. Clay was taken up by the Whigs as their candidate for the Presidency, my propensities have been in favor of him, as they have been those of a majority of the Whig party; nor did I suppose there was a man in Maryland of either party, who knew me who ever doubted that preference; though I have not made his nomination *a sine qua non* to my support of a Whig candidate. You ask my opinions of the prospects of the Whigs.

My opinions are of no more importance than those of any other individual possessed of similar means of information. Had the election for President and Vice President been held six months since, there is no doubt that the Whig candidates would have succeeded. I do not believe that the rank and file of the Whigs have been lessened since that period; yet success is rendered less certain by the divisions among the more prominent men of the Whig party; hence the necessity of delegates to the National Whig Convention going to Philadelphia as Whigs, determined to unite as brethren in the selection of a candidate most likely to ensure success.

Entertaining those views induced me to oppose the instructions moved by Gov. Pratt in the Baltimore Convention, the propriety of which course I have seen no reason to doubt. I still trust that the Whigs, not only of Maryland, but from all other States, will go to the National Convention with a determination to act as Whigs and not as partisans—to unite in the common cause, and agree upon a candidate who may be elected, and whose nomination will be supported by all who profess to be Whigs. The Democratic party set us a good example: "for est ab hoste doctri." Very truly yours,

D. JENIFER.

To — Baltimore.

SINGULAR FRAUD.—Considerable excitement was created in Meriden (Conn.) last week, in consequence of the discovery of a forged committed by an inhabitant of that place, who has heretofore been much esteemed by the citizens. He applied for a policy of insurance on the life of his wife, but the testimony of the examining physician was such that the Insurance Company would not accept the risk. Accordingly he presented a certificate, purporting to be made out by Dr. William Allen, and by means of it effected an insurance of \$2,000 on the life of his wife, who has since died. Soon after this event he presented the certificate and demanded the payment of the sum. The officers of the company, however, determined to probe the matter to the bottom, and showed the certificate to Dr. Allen, who instantly pronounced the document, body and signature, a forgery.

Mr. J. S. STORRS, who resides near Onion river, in Burlington, Vermont, had two daughters, one 11 and the other 13 years, drowned on Friday.

LAMARTINE AND LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

MESSENGERS. Editors: As your able London Correspondent, in his letter of the 21st instant, has alluded to an interview which took place in the mountains of Lebanon between the present distinguished leader of the French revolution and the eccentric Lady Stanhope, I turned to the "Voyage au Orient," and found the prospect of this singular woman, of which I offer the following translation:

"Believe what you choose," said she, "you are not the less one of those men whom I expected, whom Providence has sent me, and who have a great part to assume in the work that is in preparation. You will soon return to Europe; Europe is at an end; France alone has a great mission to accomplish; you will participate in it, I do not say as yet know how, but, if you wish it, I can tell you when I shall have consulted the stars. Thank God! There are few men who are born under such a favorable star, few whose star is happy, fewer still whose star, however favorable, is not counterbalanced by the malign influence of a hostile star. You, on the contrary, you have several, and all are harmonious in your service, and aid each other in your behalf."

If you think this strange prediction of a stange enthusiast, made as long ago as 1832, of sufficient interest to attract the notice of your curious readers, I will be pleased to see this communication in your columns.

MAY 24, 1848.

B.

JOSHUA JOHNSON.

THE FATHER OF MRS. J. Q. ADAMS.
[Written for Niles's Saturday Gazette.]

Mr. JOHNSON was the fifth son of a highly-respectable family of Calvert county, Maryland, who came to America in the reign of Queen Anne of England. His mother was a Miss BAKER, also of England, the daughter of the commander of an English vessel, and possessed of a landed property in Maryland, where the family was originally established in a handsome mansion on the banks of the Patuxent, (burnt down by the English in the war of 1812, but at that time not in their possession.)

Mr. JOHNSON was one of eleven children, five of whom served in the Revolutionary war, and one of whom was THOS. JOHNSON, the first Governor of Maryland, Judge of the Supreme Court, Commissioner for the Public Buildings and District of Columbia on the first plan of the city of Washington, and last, but not least, the personal friend of Gen. WASHINGTON.

Mr. J. JOHNSON, previously to the Revolutionary war, had been established in London (England) as a merchant. When the war was declared, he, being a staunch republican, could no longer remain in England with safety, and therefore removed his family to Nantz, in France, and was presented by Dr. Franklin to the King and Queen in the capacity of commercial agent, being appointed by the Congress of the old confederation in 1778 or 1779. At Nantz he remained until the year 1783, after the peace, performing the duties of consul and agent for the ports of Nantz, Brest, and Morlaix.

In 1783, after the peace, in the month of May, he was transferred to London as Consul General, but with a salary totally inadequate to support his family.

When the constitution went into operation, Gen. WASHINGTON, then President of the United States, renominated Mr. JOHNSON to the same office, Congress having substituted fees of office instead of the salary which had been annexed to an office of drudgery and expense at that station, quite insufficient for support, and ruinous to his health and fortune. The fees of office were small, and not well paid.

Impressed for seamen was then at that height, and the steps of his house and the hall would be almost impassable from the number of poor sailors who would hang there for safety on account of the consular privilege. The moment their feet touched the street pavement a press-gang, stationed ever near the house, would seize the poor fellows, and, if they resisted, the cutlass was used without mercy, and they were carried off to a tender and shipped ere the consul could get through the forms and ceremonies attendant upon the modes of appeal for their relief. Sailors are not remarkable for their thrift, and their headless liberality leads them into trouble and want. This was to be repaired by some one, and the consul was incessantly called on to relieve their necessities, their dangers, their sickness, their wounds, their losses, and to furnish them clothes, physicians, and funeral expenses, while the established fees were quite insufficient to meet these heavy and constant demands.

In 1796 Mr. JOHNSON offered his resignation of the office, but it was not accepted, and in October, 1797, he returned to his native country, involved in difficulties, and without the means to subsist a wife and seven children, six of them daughters, with one son, who was, after Mr. JOHNSON's death, appointed postmaster at